

A Balad Intituled, the Dekaye of the Duke.

You see by good Triall, what coms of the Duke,
Turne yet to the Diall, of Gods holie Booke,



Mr people of England that hold with the Pope,
May see the prefermentes that folowe the same,
The highest and lowest, hee bynges to the hope,
And straungers and Tyrantes do laugh at the game.
You see by good triall, what coms of the Duke
Turne yet to the Diall of Gods holie Booke.

Thus are we still spoyled of honoz and fame,
By Prelats that practise to payson vs all,
The Pope is the Pestilence, and Roome hath the name,
Wher with we come witlesse to Westminster hall.
You see by good triall, what coms of the Duke
Turne yet to the Diall of Gods holie Booke.

The Duke had great fauor with Justice attayned,
But of an ill matter what could be decreed,
For Lozdes of great Honoz where he was arayned,
Had prooffe to apparant, of manie searle deed.
You see by good triall. &c.

Not trifles, but Treasons, so manie deuised,
As all the world wondred such venom to heare,
In letters, and answers, and writings compysed,
No waye to be confred to set the Duke cleare.
You see by good triall. &c.

Put of your oppinnion, of all his proceedinge,
Ipocritie cloked, coms neuer to good,
I thinke all the Lawiers were werie of readinge,
And all the hole people in Roomes as they floode.
You see by good triall. &c.

To tell the hole treatise, the tale were to longe,
Against the good Ladie, our Queene that now raignes,
How manie deuises to do her grace wronge,
By Pope holie practise, were pact in his byanes.
You see by good triall. &c.

And then to his countrey, what sequell ensued,
Alas to apparant, the perill of we nie,
In blood to the elboes we had bin embrewed,
Which God hath forbidden, that gournes the skye.
You see by good triall. &c.

The Duke of his doinges what moze shall I tell ye,
But God of his goodnes yet giue him some grace,
For in myne oppinnion you papistes I smell ye,
You are yet to manie that hold with the case.
You see by good triall. &c.

Whose Rumors yet roaring can hardlie be still,
A Canckred condicion in haytiffes vnkinde,
The deuill now doubteth he is dashed of his will,
Pet Babylon babes will bragge to be blind.
You see by good triall. &c.

When wantous thought wozthie, once stand on the toppe
Theire steppes are so tickle they cannot stand still,
One legge in good fashion is better to hopp,
Then two legges at Randon to Runne where ye will.
You see by good triall. &c.

As pittie lamenteth the losse of his grace,
That once bringe Noble might Noble haue done
So triall tormentith that one in his place,
So Rebels and Kites so rashlye woulde runne.
You see by good triall. &c.

But such as be seekers, to set all at square,
With straungers, and neyghbours, of nozible name,
Do shew by theyr Pitchers what Potters they are,
What Jolie compaignions of Catholique fame.
You see by good triall. &c.

Wellwillers are willinge to here and to see,
The good and the Godly regards of kinde,
Illwillers vnwillinge good quiet should bee,
As Schoolers ware trewantes that loue not the scoole.
You see by good triall.

But noote with our blissinge, the brackes of our season,
There haue bin great warninges as this maye be one,
A Duke of highe honoz, to fall to highe Treason,
Both hee, and his honoz, how soone they be gone.
You see by good triall. &c.

Wherefore it behoueth, as God doth aduance vs,
To honour, to fauor, to worshipp, or welth,
We are to consider, it maye so bechaunce vs,
To lose all together, good hay, and good helth.
You see by good triall.

Wherefore to our duties, we are bound to app're,
Our Queene and our countrey to honoz and praise,
Content to liue loe, but if ye ware hie,
To liue within lawe, and lengthen our dayes.
You see by good triall. &c.

God prosper the Queene, her Nobles and frendes,
Her subiectes assured, of euery degree,
And God of his goodnes shorten the endes,
Of all her offenders, if any moze bee.

Finis. qd. M. Chertou.

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